Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heavenly Picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse
To ribb her seare-cloth in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O sinfu'l thought, never so rich a Jem
Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my out-side to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your answere had not been inscrold.
Fare yee well, your suite is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loosers part. *Exit.*

Port.

Port. A gentle riddance, d
Let all of his complection cho

Enter Salarino a

Sal. VVhy man I saw *Ba*
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone
And in their Ship I am sure *L*

Sola. The villaine Jew wit
VVho went with him to sear

Sal. He came too late, the
But there the Duke was give
That in a *Gondylo* were seene
Lorenso and his amorous *Iessi*
Besides, *Anthonio* certified th
They were not with *Bassani*

Solan. I never heard a pass
So strange, outragious, and so
As the dogge Iewe did utter
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô
Fled with a Christian, ô my C
Iustice, the Law, my Ducats,
A sealed bagge, two sealed ba
Of double Ducats, stolne fro
And Iewels, two stones, two
Stolne by my Daughter: Iust
Shee hath the stones upon he

Salar. Why, all the boye
Crying his Stones, his Daug

Solan. Let good *Anthonio*
Or he shall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remem
I reasoned with a Frenchma
Who told me, in the narrow
The French and English, the
A Vessell of our Countrey ri
I thought upon *Anthonio* w
And wisht in silence that it w

Sol. You were best to tel

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLA